

Deleted Scenes

milevenmirkwood

Deleted Scenes by milevenmirkwood

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Summary:

A collection of deleted Reddie scenes in It (2017)

Chapter 1: Vanilla? - “Really Eds? Vanilla?” Richie asked as the two walked alone along the sidewalk.

“Well you were too busy fucking with the tuba played to hear me.”

“Didja hear me Eds? I made that baby purr more than I made your mom!” Richie said loudly followed by a cackle.

“Fuck off Richie!” Eddie said, going to punch Richie in the shoulder.

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Author's Note:

Hi hello I'm back with more Reddie and since the movie's come out (9/10 btw) I'm swimming with Reddie ideas. Now I couldn't help but notice that some scenes were missing. Now not from the book necessarily, but from the actual movie which is why I created this series of one shots. Now come together with me and hope hope hope for some Reddie deleted scenes when the DVD comes out.

“Richie! Richie!” Eddie yelled over the marching band.

He sighed as it was useless. Richie either couldn't hear him or was too busy messing with the tuba player to notice.

“Goddamn it Richie- Just two vanillas please.” Eddie said to the ice cream man while fishing out some change from his fanny pack.

“What the fuck dude?” he heard Richie say.

Eddie looked over his shoulder to see the tuba player giving Richie a dirty look while Richie gave him the finger. The action couldn't help but warrant a smile as Eddie watched. God Richie was so stupid sometimes, but some of Richie's fuckery helped take the edge off. Not that Eddie would ever admit that. Richie caught Eddie's gazing and gave him a head nod that made his stomach. He looked away quickly only to meet the judgmental look of the ice cream man.

“50 cents boy.”

Eddie handed the man the change, ignoring his stare. Taking the

cones, Eddie made his way over to the rest of the group.

“What are you guys talking about?” Eddie asked, taking a lick from his own cone.

“What they always talk about.” Richie replied, taking his cone from Eddie with a sly wink, before licking at his treat.

“Really Eds? Vanilla?” Richie asked as the two walked alone along the sidewalk.

“Well you were too busy fucking with the tuba played to hear me.”

“Didja hear me Eds? I made that baby purr more than I made your mom!” Richie said loudly followed by a cackle.

“Fuck off Richie!” Eddie said, going to punch Richie in the shoulder.

However Eddie lost his footing and saved himself from a nasty fall. His ice cream wasn't as lucky though.

“Dammit Richie!” Eddie cried, rolling his eyes.

“Now now don't cry over spilt milk child! Richie started in his Aunt Jemima impression. “We can just share.” He finished normally.

“Gross I don't know where you're mouth's been.” Eddie said, nose wrinkling.

He could practically feel a joke about his mother about to come and quickly interrupted Richie before he could say it with a “Don't”.

“Come on Eds. Don’t let your money go to waste. WWSD.”

“Do I even want to know what that mean?” Eddie sighed.

“What would Stan do. You think Stan would let that go to waste?”

Eddie rolled his eyes and held out his hand. Richie passed him the cone, both of them ignoring the spark as their fingers touched. Richie watched as Eddie shyly licked at the sweet treat.

“Ehh there’s no way we can get through there. Too many people. Have they never seen a damn marching band? Let’s cut through here.” Richie said, grabbing Eddie and leading him to a nearby alley.

The two walked down the alley in pleasant silence, passing the cone back and forth.

“I never knew you were such an ass kicker Eds!” Richie said suddenly, startling Eddie.

“Jesus! W-what are you talking about?”

“You front lines at rock fight Eds!”

“Stop calling me Eds. You know I hate it.”

“Hate that you love it. Come one Eds I see the way you look at me. It’s just us and if this super spooky clown is real, this could be our last moment together.”

Eddie noticed the teasing tone in Richie’s voice trail off into actual

seriousness. Of course Eddie wanted to be brave and determined like Bill and Beverly, but Stan and Richie were the realist. If this thing can turn into anything, it's not human so how the hell can it be stopped. The thought cause Eddie to grip the cone so tight it cracked and crumbled from his pressure.

"Eddie?" Richie asked, his voice dripping with concern but Eddie didn't notice over his own labored breathing.

They're just kids! Kids! Just a few days ago they were celebrating the last day of freshman year and now Bill's talking about fighting this... this thing!

"Eddie! Fuck! Eddie I'm sorry I- shit!" Richie yelled, pulling him close to attack his fanny pack.

There was no way they could! No way especially if that thing's been around as long Ben says! What could they do? If that thing can be anything... they were-

His thoughts were interrupted by a hard clanking to his teeth. Richie had shoved his inhaler in his mouth. Eddie opened his mouth wider as Richie pulled the plunger on his inhaler. Eddie felt his airways relax as Richie triggered it again. Slowly his heartbeat slowed as he realized that Richie's arms were wrapped around him. Richie looked down at him with concern, his Coke bottles glasses illuminating his watery eyes.

"Eddie? Are you okay? Eds?" Richie asked frantically.

Eddie nodded, breath still heavy and right when Richie was about to speak again, Eddie interrupted him by slamming his lips onto Richie's.

Eddie had no idea what he was doing, but deep down inside he knew

that it was right. No matter what any dumb ice cream man or random person thought. He'd always known and hoped it would pass, but Eddie just now realized how short and precious their lives were. He didn't want to spend what little time they had in fear.

Like they always said, there was a thin line between love and hate. It just took death at your doorstep to realize. He, Eddie Kaspbrak, love Richie "Trashmouth" Tozier.

He was so moved by this sudden revelation; he didn't realize Richie kissing him back.

All too soon the kiss was over, Eddie still slightly out of breath from his asthma attack. The two gazed at each other, wide brown eyes meeting wide brown eyes, until Richie's face gave way to a shit eating "I told you so" look.

Surprisingly Richie said nothing. He pulled away and reached out an arm and Eddie took it immediately took it. The two walked further down the alley hand in hand, Eddie wiping the remainder of the vanilla ice cream cone on the alley walls.

"So when exactly did you fall for me?" Richie asked, earning a playful shove.

Author's Note:

I hope you guys liked this and if you have any requests, you can submit them to me to my Tumblr which is also milevenmirkwood!

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